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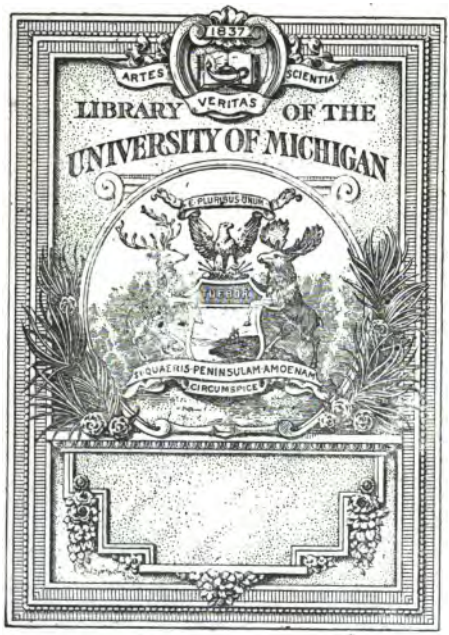
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THE WRITER OF "THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE" DISCOVERED.

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THE WRITER OF "The Burial of Sir John Moore" DISCOVERED

BY

R. C. NEWICK

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PREFACE.

THE information concerning Charles Wolfe, the Marshall Hoax, and Father Prout's eccentricities, has been obtained from that valuable periodical *Notes and Queries*, and has been used by consent of the Editor. The opportunity of consulting this work and many others has been furnished by the Stuckey-Lean Reference Library, College Green, Bristol. The value of Mr. Stuckey-Lean's munificent bequest, and the courteous treatment readers experience from its lady guardians, are still unknown to many fellow-citizens.

R. C. NEWICK.

CLOUDSHILL,
ST. GEORGE, BRISTOL,
September 19th, 1908.

192236

THE WRITER OF "The Burial of Sir John Moore" DISCOVERED.

THERE is no poem in the English language more often quoted in speech or printed in books, no poem about whose authorship there has been more controversy, none which grips more firmly both the mind of a child and the intellect of a cultivated scholar, than the immortal threnody, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The purpose of this pamphlet is to endeavour to prove that the ode was not written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, but by a soldier of the 9th Regiment, named Joseph Wolfe, who was one of the party that actually dug Moore's grave. This necessarily involves the charge that the Rev. Charles Wolfe was an impostor.

A wish has been expressed that a full statement of the evidence of Charles Wolfe's claim should be printed. For eighty years the discussion of his pretensions has been waged in the literary press,

sometimes fiercely, sometimes languidly. It has ever been the opinion of men fit to judge that Charles Wolfe could not have written the ode, and the furthest they can go is to say that if he did write it it was an extraordinary freak of genius.

Charles Wolfe was born at Blackhall, County Kildare, 14th December, 1791. He was one of a family of eleven children, and the youngest of eight sons. His father was Theobald Wolfe, first cousin of Wolfe, Viscount Kilwarden. His father died when Charles was eight years old. Charles was educated first at Bath, then at the Abbey High School, Manchester. He matriculated in 1809 at Trinity College, Dublin, obtained a scholarship in 1812, and graduated B.A. in 1814. He took Orders in November, 1817, being ordained a curate of Ballyclog, County Tyrone. After a few weeks he exchanged for Donoughmore, County Down. Wolfe died of consumption at Cork in 1823, at the age of 32.

There is indisputable evidence that Wolfe claimed to be the author of the poem. First there is his own letter, dated September 9th, 1816, yet bearing the postmark of September 6th, 1816, in which he states: "I have completed 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and will here inflict it on you. You have none but yourself to blame for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much." This letter was found amongst the effects of the brother of Dr. Luby in 1844, and addressed to Mr. Taylor. It is open to

some suspicion. The letter is now preserved in the Law Library in Dublin.

Mr. John Sydney Taylor, to whom this letter was addressed, writes to the *Morning Chronicle* of October 29th, 1824, that "Wolfe was his earliest and dearest friend. Wolfe read to him the first and last verses of the poem, and had no intention at first of any others. The thought was inspired by reading an account of Marcellus at Corunna in some periodical work. He showed it to him completed some time in 1814."

Mark Perrin, Prebendary of Taghsaxon, Diocese of Tuam, writes on August 22nd, 1877: "One morning, in the year 1816, I was with my friend Samuel O'Sullivan at the room No. 26, Trinity College, when he showed me some pretty verses of Charles Woulfe's. I gave them to Mr. Steward, editor of the *Newry Telegraph*. Woulfe looked on them as an unconsidered trifle, not worthy to be offered to the public."

Bishop Dickenson writes to Archdeacon Russell, August 28th, 1841: "I distinctly remember I read to Hercules Graves, Charles Wolfe's poem in my room No. 5 in college. This must have been between March, 1812, and December, 1815. I think his sermons present more of poetic fire than even this ode."

Archdeacon Russell, who wrote his life, under date March 11th, 1826, says: "I assure you that Mr. Wolfe did actually declare to me that the poem

of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was his own composition."

The next witness, Samuel O'Sullivan, was present when the poem was professed to be composed. He writes to Archdeacon Russell from Phœnix Park, April 22nd, 1841:—

"I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I can't for the moment say for a certainty which), I was sitting in my college rooms. I then occupied the ground floor of No. 26, and was reading the *Edinboro' Annual Register*, in which a very striking and beautiful account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore. Wolfe came in, and (as you know my custom was) I made him listen to me as I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendation of it, and after some time I proposed to our friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we bent our way to Simpson's nursery; I believe half-way between Dublin and New Rock. During our stroll Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent, and I remember being provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and scenery, in which on other occasions he used so cordially to join; but he atoned for his apparent dulness and insensibility on his return, when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode, in the composition of which he had been absorbed during our little perambulation. I expressed rapturous approbation, with which he seemed greatly pleased. My brother (Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan) was present when this

took place, and was also greatly delighted. These were the only verses which our dear friend at first contemplated; but moved, as he said, by our approbation, his mind worked on the subject after he left us, and in the morning he came over to me with the other verses by which it was completed."

An anonymous work, entitled *College Recollections*, was published by Longman, 1825. It is not mentioned in the *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature*, or included in the *British Museum Catalogue*. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that it was written by Samuel O'Sullivan, but this is certainly a mistake. Its writer must have been Mortimer O'Sullivan. The preface says that Waller was the Rev. Charles Woulfe. Page 37 tells the story thus :—

"The Waller of my story was no ordinary person. He was the author of the 'Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore.' I am sure I need not apologise for giving the history of this spirited little composition.

"He called by appointment one fine summer evening on his friend Sydney, who shared my chambers.

"'Waller," said Sydney, 'you must not go until I have read you this account of Sir John Moore. It is quite worthy of Southey, who is, I am persuaded, the author.'

"Sydney was not a man to have his imperatives disputed, and Waller, though eager for his walk, sat down patiently to hear the account of Sir John

Moore's burial as given in the *Annual Register*. He kindled into high enthusiasm as he listened, and during our walk into the country scarcely spoke. When he returned, Waller and Sydney were conferring together, and hearing the latter passing a very eloquent encomium on something Waller had done, I inquired what it was, and found he had just finished two verses of the lines on Sir John Moore—those which appear in the printed copies, the first and last. I joined in the praises of them with great warmth, but Sydney's praise was accounted valuable by his friends ; and whether Waller felt it an encouragement, or that the subject continued to act upon him and to sustain his enthusiasm, on the next morning at breakfast he produced the entire poem."

Rabelais says a well-bred man should believe all he is told, and the *Athenæum* agrees with him, and adds if any man say he has written a certain work, no one should question it.

It is submitted that the above evidence proves only that Wolfe claimed the authorship; it does not disprove the contention that Wolfe had the completed poem in his possession perhaps years before the time of its professed conception.

The poem is said to have been published first in *Carrick's Morning Post* for 1815. No file of this paper is kept at the British Museum, but one exists in the Dublin National Library. This was searched, and although the poem could not be found, two cuttings had been made in the journal. It was

certainly published in the *Newry Telegraph*, April 19th, 1817, and found its way into *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1817. It came under Byron's notice in January, 1822, who so highly praised it that its fame became universal. As Wolfe was its reputed author, Archdeacon Russell wrote a biography of him, which has the reputation of being the dullest ever written; yet it went through eight editions.

"The Burial of Sir John Moore" has this unique character as a poem, viz. it is a rhymed affidavit. All other poets in singing great events indulge largely in rhetorical figures, but leave facts alone, doing what Coleridge advised poets to do: "Examine Nature accurately, but write from recollection, and trust more to your imagination than to your memory." Campbell's "Hohenlinden" is entirely false to the facts; Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" indulges only in generalities—the phrase "Valley of Death" was used by the Crimean soldiers months before. Yet some of the highest poetry reads like bald prose. An old Scotswoman hearing Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" read, said, "You don't call that poetry, do you? It is just like it is!" One true test of a masterpiece in literature is that everything is so simple and apt that we fancy we ourselves could compose a similar work; when we try we are sadly disabused.

> That poetry is best whose generous strains,
> Flow without servile study, art or pains.—BUTLER.

The *Athenæum* states (May 27th, 1882): "If the metrical movement of Wolfe's poem had only been as much his own as the sentiments, thoughts and emotions, we must, perhaps, have placed it at the head of all English elegies. Yet in an elegy the metrical music must be original if the poem is to claim transcendent excellence."

It then goes on to say that Wolfe copied his metre from Tom Moore's—

Oh! make her a grave where the sunny beams rest
  When they promise a glorious to-morrow;
They 'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
  From her own loved Island of sorrow.

But there is a much older example of the same metre quoted in Hutchinson's fugitive poetry, *Chandos Classics*, and dated 1630:—

BURIAL OF A PILGRIM FATHER IN AMERICA.

We anxiously hollowed the frozen ground,
  And heaped up the lonely furrow;
For the Indian lurked in the woods around,
  And we feared his whistling arrow.

When the surf on the sea beach heavily beat,
  When the breeze in the wilderness muttered;
We deemed it the coming of hostile feet,
  Or the watchword cautiously uttered.

And we left the dust of our brother to lie
  In its noisome habitation
With the trust that its spirit had flown on high
  To its heavenly habitation.

At the time of Sir John Moore's death, Charles Wolfe was a lad of seventeen. No doubt the tragic death of Moore made a great impression on a susceptible mind, but during the ensuing six years great events had become commonplaces. Europe was an armed camp, kings had tumbled off their thrones, the map was continually being altered; England had sustained the Peninsular campaign, and had at length fought the great Battle of Waterloo. These crowded events had obliterated and minimised the campaign by Sir John Moore.

One summer afternoon Charles Wolfe hears this account read by Samuel O'Sullivan from the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808:—

"Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at night to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a party of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened, for about eight o'clock in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with earth."

Fired with the eloquence of this extract, Wolfe at once composed the first and last verses of the ode,

and in a few hours completed it. The wonder is where he got his facts from, for the poem bristles with facts.

Every editor who has published the poem has altered it, more or less, to his own fancy. Classics are not generally so treated. The first stanza (from the original manuscript of Joseph Wolfe, as given to his friend Swanston in February, 1809) runs thus—

> Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
> As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

Archdeacon Russell quotes "rampart," others "o'er the ramparts," as though to pass beyond them. Some soften corpse into corse.

There is no reference to the facts in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (which was written neither by Southey nor Scott, but by James Moore, the hero's brother). The presence of music at a military funeral would strike a civilian, its absence a soldier.

> We buried him darkly; at dead of night,
> The sods with our bayonets turning,
> By the twinkling of the pale starlight,
> And the lantern dimly burning.

What does "to bury darkly" mean? All the copies leave out the semicolon after "darkly," which improves the sense but destroys the historical

truth. He was not interred until broad daylight, but his grave had been dug at dead of night. If the semicolon were placed after " him " (viz. " we buried him ; ") it would make both sense and truth. Turning the sods with bayonets was a curious fact that is mentioned neither by Napier, James Moore, Southey, nor any of the numerous accounts in the contemporary Press. Sir G. B. Airy (*Athenæum*, January 21st, 1871) calls it " sheer nonsense, gratuitous nonsense. An untouched town like Corunna, and an untouched citadel like its fortress, always abound with pickaxes and spades." Where did Charles Wolfe learn that only one lantern was used ?

The third line of this stanza is generally printed—

> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light.

But this is historically false, as the moon was invisible. It will be seen that when Joseph Wolfe composed it, a few days later, it was a bright moonlight night. Some writers say he was buried by torchlight, which sounds more picturesque but is untrue.

> No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
> But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
> With his martial cloak around him !

In the second line, " bound " is generally used for " wound." Many have ridiculed the statement

that no coffin could be obtained in a large town like Corunna, but they forget that the Spaniards did not use coffins. The corpse is conveyed to the burial ground in a shell, which is taken back. It must also be remembered that although the Spaniards welcomed our troops as deliverers, yet they regarded us as heretics, and would not give a drink of water to a dying man, or treat the corpse of a dead soldier with any more respect than they would treat a dead dog. Coffins were not used generally in England until late times. During the Irish famine the deaths were so numerous that the dead were taken to the cemetery in a coffin with a hinged bottom; the body was dropped into the grave, and the coffin served again.

Napier and others say the burial was in the citadel, which was certainly incorrect. The last line of this stanza, the one most often quoted, might offend a nice taste. Homer would not have called the cloak "martial," or his boots or trousers.

> Few and short were the prayers we said,
> And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
> But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead
> And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Palgrave and Ward have, "On the face *that* was dead."

Sir G. B. Airy objects to the first line that the full funeral service was read: probably true; but it was read hurriedly, and the burial service is

hardly "prayers." The Rev. H. J. Symons, who in 1852 was Vicar of St. Martin's, Hereford, writes: "I am the clergyman who officiated on that memorable occasion . . . It now being daylight, the enemy discovered that the troops had been withdrawn and embarked during the night. A fire was opened by them shortly afterwards on the ships in the harbour. The funeral service was therefore performed without delay, as we were exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

The third line is nearly always quoted, "That the foe." Miss Woods alone writes, "How the foe."

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

Miss Martin writes the third line—

And little he 'll reck "others" if they 'll let him sleep on.

This stanza is of the nature of a prophecy, and supports the ancient character of *vates*. The officers of Sir John's force had loudly complained of his neglecting to engage the enemy: their discontent caused the loss of discipline amongst the

troops and the horrors of the retreat. As to Sir John's merits as a general, Wellington writes: "In Sir John Moore's campaign I can see but one error. When he advanced to Sahagun he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting-places of every brigade; but this is an opinion formed after the event." And Napoleon: "His talents and firmness joined saved the British army from destruction. He was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and perhaps caused by information which mislead him." The monument in St. Paul's Cathedral shows his countrymen's opinion.

A motion was made in the House of Commons to inquire into the conduct of the campaign; it was defeated by a large majority. It is doubtful whether the complaints were advanced for political or patriotic reasons.

> But half of our heavy task was done,
> When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
> And we heard by the outpost signal gun
> That the foe was suddenly firing.

It will be seen later that the grave was only two feet deep: this explains why the writer says, "But half of our task was done." This verse has been altogether altered. Russell tells us that Charles

Wolfe changed it at the suggestion of a literary friend. Russell gives "the clock struck," and the next two lines—

> And we heard the distant and random gun
> That the foe was sullenly firing.

A writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, October 27th, 1824, says this is how Charles Wolfe first wrote the two lines—

> And we heard the distant and random gun
> Of the enemy sullenly firing.

But the third and fourth lines have thus been given—

> And we heard by the distant and random gun
> That the foe was suddenly firing.

"I need scarcely point out to any reader," he continues, "of the least poetic taste the superiority of this passage to the fictitious one. The statement of the facts that the foe was suddenly firing implies a new and vigorous attack, which was contrary to fact. The lines, as Charles Wolfe wrote them, are better poetry, and more agreeable to truth. They represent the enemy, who had come on with the flush of anticipated victory, firing rather from vain irritation than useful valour, keeping up a show of hostilities by 'the distant and random gun,' but not venturing on any fresh assault."

The true account is that, the French being driven back in confusion on the 15th January, General

Hope shipped the bulk of the army during the night (the artillery was already on board, scarcely any was used in the battle, and the cavalry horses had their throats cut). The pickets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were withdrawn at day-break to embark under protection of Hill's Brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Corunna. As the morning dawned—at which time it is the custom for troops on active service to be under arms—the French, as a matter of course, threw out feelers. They quickly found that the greater part of the troops had embarked, and engaged those stationed to cover the retreat. The English are said to have fought like lions, and were nearly all cut to pieces. James Moore said strong pickets were left on the ground to give notice of the enemy's approach. It must have been the signal gun from the outpost that caused the burial to be hurried.

> Slowly and sadly we laid him down
> From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
> We carved not a line, we raised not a stone
> But we left him alone with his glory.

Russell quotes "and we raised"; but the most common alteration, and one that changes pathos into nonsense, is the

> "alone in his glory."

In the short paragraph from the *Edinburgh Annual Register* there are several errors. The body was not

removed at midnight to the citadel; the aides-de-camp did not attend in turns; the officers of his staff did not wrap his body; the blankets, being bloody, were discarded, and the officers of his family did not bear him to the grave.

Only one man of the burial party was possibly alive in 1815. Whence could Charles Wolfe get his facts? for the poem bristles with facts, and contains no untrue statement. The chances are millions to one against his achieving the truth, and only the truth. Let us suppose, instead of a poem, it was a painting, representing the moment when the body was carried to the graveside. If the artist had consulted every available source, he could not possibly have got the particulars, the unusual particulars, as mentioned in the poem. No extant account mentioned the bayonets for shovels, the lantern, the absence of band and firing party, the soldiers bearing the body to the grave.

Charles Wolfe was a man of considerable ability. He is named amongst Wills's *Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen*, no reference being made to the poem.

Wolfe has left us other poems which show plainly he was no poet (one, or more, of these poems was certainly stolen). They are just what we expect from those whom Horace stigmatises. The beauty of poetry is truth. The artificial poet must be fine and flowery, his eye must roll in fine frenzy. Wolfe could not rhyme, unless flood rhymes with stood, brow with below, shook with broke, shore with pour,

waste with passed, imbrued with blood, etc. As for the matter, this is a sample—

> England, what! ho!—as thus the spectre spoke
> All Lisbon's turrets to their bases shook:—
> He spoke, then plunged into the river's breast
> And Tagus wrapped him in his billowy *vest*.

This reminds us of Oliver Wendel Holmes' tailor's—

> Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
> That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
> The thin leaves quivering on their silken thread
> Do make a music like to rustling satin.

There is one poem credited to Charles Wolfe that was most certainly written by Joseph Wolfe. It is entitled "A Song. Air Gramachree." When Charles Wolfe professed to write it he was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was: "He had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into tears, in which mood he composed the words." His friends knew very well he had not lost a dearly loved woman. Wolfe did not think, at the moment, of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*.

Now Burns' lines to Mary in heaven are beautiful, but should we be moved by them if we knew there was no Mary? How entirely we lose our interest in Poe's "Raven" when we are told how mechanically it was composed.

It is suggested that Charles Wolfe altered the grating line, "What thou ne'er left'st unsaid," from

some more musical form, conveying the statement that the dead woman had never confessed any love.

If I had thought thou could'st have died
  I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot when by thy side,
  That thou could'st mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
  That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should'st look my last,
  And then should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook
  That I must look in vain ;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary, thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
  All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
  And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
  Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in the grave,
  And I am now alone !

I do not think where'er thou art
  Thou hast forgotten me,
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
  In thinking, too, of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
That fancy never could have drawn,
  And never could restore !

If the reader change but one word of this poem, and put Sally for Mary, it will be seen how naturally it suits and expresses the feeling of Joseph Wolfe, when he found the woman he loved lying dead "alongside the carcase of a dead horse," with her fourteen-days old infant dead at her side.

How did these poems come into the possession of Charles Wolfe? One suggestion is that Joseph Wolfe was an elder brother of Charles. What lends colour to this surmise, entirely unsupported by evidence, is first, of course, their common names; then their characters and dispositions, as far as we know them, were very similar.

Perhaps Joseph Wolfe's papers reached Charles Wolfe by some old soldier's hands; or, if an old soldier had remembered the lines as written by Joseph Wolfe, and learned in Dublin that Charles Wolfe was posing as the author, we should expect him to get acquainted with Charles Wolfe, and Charles Wolfe would have to keep him quiet and suffer blackmail. What do we find in Russell's *Life?* We are introduced to this soldier in a letter written by Charles Wolfe on December 11th, 1817, from Ballyclog, Tyrone. He writes: "I am now sitting by myself opposite my turf fire, in the only furnished room in the glebe house, surrounded by a set of people with whom I am totally unacquainted, except a disbanded artilleryman and his wife, who attend me." When he removed to Castle Caulfield, he writes on July 7th, 1818: "I set out with a

peculiarly ludicrous equipage and attendance. One waggon contained my whole family and fortune, and its contents were two large trunks and a bed; and on top of these sat a woman (my future housekeeper) and her three children."

Charles Wolfe took a holiday in Scotland, and on his return he is thus found by Archdeacon Russell, some years after the above letter:—

"The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper, and between this wretched cell and his parlour was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground as the absolute lords of the soil."

Yet he was said to have died of love, through being rejected by a very matter-of-fact young lady five years before.

The reader will find in Swanston's *Memoirs* a fairly good account of Joseph Wolfe. The Record Office supplements this in a letter dated October 17th, 1907:—

"SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 13th inst. respecting the service of Corporal Wolfe, 9th Foot, I have to state that the pay lists of this regiment, preserved amongst the War Office records deposited in this office, show that Joseph Woolfe,

or Wolfe, enlisted in the 2nd Battalion on the 14th March, 1807, at Wolverhampton; joined 20th March, and embarked 19th July, 1808, at Ramsgate for the Peninsula. In pay list ending March, 1809, he is entered as 'sick' at Coimbra, and in the list for the next quarter as 'sick in Portugal,' and dead July 21st. This is confirmed from another source. No information respecting his parentage, birth or effects is preserved at the office.

"Yours faithfully,

"S. R. SEARGILL-BIRD,

"*Secretary.*"

Any reader who cares to search the records at Chancery Lane would perhaps find further particulars. There is also the inquiry held at Portsmouth, in February, 1809, of the loss of the *Nightingale* transport on the Manacle rocks. The *Courier* of January 26th, 1809, says: "The transport lost on the Manacle rocks had on board 100 of the 7th Dragoons; ninety-three, we regret to say, perished, including the Hon. Major Cavendish." Joseph Wolfe was probably a witness at this court of inquiry.

The poem was perhaps published in the papers about the month of February, 1809. There is a file of the *Hampshire Telegraph* in the Central Library, Portsmouth, which might contain it. The 9th Regiment went to Canterbury on January 29th. The local papers about that date should be searched.

In these stirring times, instead of despairing, the country roused itself to fresh efforts, and on February 6th several regiments got orders for immediate embarkation, and Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington) sailed from Portsmouth April 16th, 1809, arrived at the Tagus April 22nd, and by the 5th May had concentrated his army at Coimbra.

Readers will remark that the names of both the Wolfes are spelt in several ways. At an earlier date a man has been known to write his own name half a dozen different ways in a short document; and it was the custom at this time to change Irish names to an English form. The Duke of Wellington's family altered their name from Wesley to Wellesley; McLaughin became Maclin the actor; and one Irish lady changed her name from O'Neill to the more English Brallaghan.

Is any apology needed for Joseph Wolfe's affection for Sally Day? The finest character in fiction, Major Dobbin, erred likewise. It is even possible that Thackeray conceived his character from someone, say an officer friend, telling him Joseph Wolfe's story.

It may be said of Charles Wolfe that he did not truly estimate the value of his imposture. He thought it a pretty stone, and not a diamond of the first water. He was very willing to let the verses pass from hand to hand amongst his college chums; when they were published he was angry. As their

reputation grew, he saw what danger he, a clergyman, was in, and his depression of mind increased.

The history of literary imposture starts, perhaps, from Terence. The Roman literati would not believe a slave could write his perfect comedies. Nearer our own times, we have Milton borrowing his purple patches; Shakespeare seizing the unconsidered trifles of others, and shaping them into masterpieces; Defoe with *Robinson Crusoe* (the first and only good part was given him); and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is clearly borrowed from *The Isle of Man.* Swift and many others have had to complain of works credited to them which they did not write; Rousseau, fortunately, never knew what additions were spitefully made to his memoirs, and made him hateful to posterity.

Wilkes successfully combated the political blackguards who foisted on him the *Essay on Woman.* Then we have authors who have disowned their works: Swift (for political reasons), Macphearson, Chatterton, Junius, Ireland, Walter Scott and others. Johnson was satisfied that Burke did not write the *Letters of Junius*, because he spontaneously denied it. Sheridan states that Lady Jersey said to Scott, "Pray, Mr. Scott, did you, or did you not, write *Waverley?*" "On my honour, madam, I did not." He had, further, the temerity to solemnly deny, in writing, that he wrote it. (It is a strange circumstance that his ignorance of heraldry betrayed him.) Goldsmith earned many a guinea by allowing

others to prefix his name to works he had never seen.

> Most authors steal their work or buy;
> Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.—POPE.

In 1906 Mr. Henry N. Hall, of the *New York Critic*, made an amazing literary discovery. He had found, he says, these lines in the appendix to *The Memoirs of Lally Tolendal*, which are clearly the origin of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." They relate the death of Colonel de Beaumanoir at Pondicherry, in 1749.

> Ni le son du tambour ni la marche funèbre
> Ni le feu des soldats, ne marqua son départ;
> Mais du Brave à la hâte, à travers les ténèbres
> Mornes—nous portâmes le cadavre au rampart.

And seven other verses. This is a pious forgery of Father Prout's (the Rev. Francis Mahony, 1804–66), and was first published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, January, 1837. In December, 1837, he published another original of "Not a drum was heard," this time in German. He could, with equal facility, write verse in Greek, Latin or Italian. He describes himself as "an Irish potatoe, seasoned with Attic salt": and Thackeray says, "He was good, but dirty." In 1834 he pretended to discover that Moore had stolen his lyrics from the French; that "Go where Glory awaits thee" was taken from the French chanson, "Va où la gloire t'invite," written by (an apocryphal) Francois de Foix, Contesse of Châteaubriand; and that "Oh! 'twas

a dream of the past" was from "Tu n'as fait, ô mon cœur, qu'un beau songe," by the Marquis of Cinquemars; and that "Lesbia hath a beaming eye" was from Father Prout's own Latin poem—

> Lesbia semper, hic et inde,
> Oculorum tela movit.

There is a movement now to raise a statue to Father Prout in his native city of Cork, which he called "a stupid and witless city." He had very much offended his fellow-citizens by having himself painted (after his expulsion from the Jesuits) as standing at an altar in the robes of a Monseigneur, with the Virgin and Child at his feet. This was smuggled to Cork, and shown as a great work of art. His townsmen never saw the joke, but they never forgave him, and in 1873 the Cork Library refused a memorial tablet of him. He wrote some charming lyrics, and has been called "a combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipes."

One claim to the authorship of the ode was made seriously by a man named Macintosh. His claims were supported by many friends who professed they saw him write it, but Macintosh afterwards admitted the fraud.

On January 15th, 1824, this letter appeared in the *London Courier*:—

"SOUTH STREET,
"DURHAM, *Jany.* 11*th*, 1824.

"SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your highly respectable journal (which I have chosen as

the channel of this communication from my having been a subscriber for fifteen years), permit me to observe that the statement lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, the writer of which ascribes the lines on "The Burial of Sir John Moore" to Woolf, is false, and as barefaced a fabrication as ever was foisted on the public. The lines in question were not written by Woolf; they were composed by me. I published them some years ago in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have, at different times, inserted several poetical trifles, as "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," "Lines on the lamented death of Benjamin Galley, Esq." and some other little effusions.

"I should not, sir, have thought the lines on Sir John Moore's funeral worth owning had not the false statement in the *Chronicle* met my eye. I can prove by most indisputable evidence the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given to my friend and relation, Captain Ball, and it is in his possession at present. It agrees perfectly with the copy now in circulation, with this exception: it does not contain the stanza commencing "few and short," which I afterwards added on the suggestion of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Alderson, of Butterly.

"I am, Sir,
"Yours, etc.,
"H. MARSHALL, M.D."

The Rev. Sydney Taylor replied in an angry philippic, and told the unfortunate doctor he was not ambitious of taking his medicine, and advised him, instead of claiming verses which did not belong

to him, to content himself with writing verses for the tombstones of his patients. "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep" was written by Professor Wilson. The whole affair was a hoax. Marshall was a horse doctor; Benjamin Galley, Esq., was a poor Durham idiot; and the Rev. Dr. Alderson of Butterly was Alderson the Durham bellman. Marshall was very angry, and the wags persuaded him to send an ode to the *Globe* newspaper, which published it. He had some fair ability as a poet. The paper kept up the joke for some time, and favourably reviewed his poem. Marshall eventually died in a workhouse.

Amongst others, Barham was moved by this incident to immortalise Marshall in his "Cynotaph" in the *Ingoldsby Legends*—

> Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or note;
> And he looked confoundedly flurried,
> As he bolted away without paying his shot,
> And the landlord after him hurried.
>
> * * * *
>
> All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,
> Reclined in the gutter we found him;
> And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
> With his Marshall cloak around him.

Barham prefixed this motto to the piece—

> Hos ego versiculos feci; tulit alter honores.
> I wrote the lines—owned them; he told stories.

The "Cynotaph" was attributed to Horace Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. He

was said not to have contradicted the report. The lines were claimed for him by his brother James, in the hearing of Mr. Barham. "Well," asked the latter, "pray, when did he write them?" The day was then mentioned. "Oh, then," was the reply, "I don't so much care, as I wrote them seven days before; I was afraid, from what you said, that he might have written them first."

The extracts which follow, relating circumstantially the compositions of the ode by Joseph Wolfe, are taken from the *Memoirs of Sergeant Paul Swanston*, published by B. D. Cousins, 18 Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn. It is undated; the British Museum Catalogue gives the date as 1850. It was published weekly in 54 numbers, each containing 8 pages, and No. 36 was printed in May, 1840.

Paul Swanston's paternal grandfather was a smuggler, at that time a profession regarded with some honour, and even patronised by the aristocracy. We are told that Lord Dormer, of Idsworth Park in Hampshire, used to find his horses taken for smuggling purposes; the next morning they were returned very tired, and a cask of brandy or Hollands would be found outside Lord Dormer's doors, inscribed with "His Honour is a gentleman." He once remonstrated with an old smuggler, and received this reply: "If you can find a single passage in the Bible which forbids smuggling, I will give it up; but I won't till you do, and I know you can't."

Swanston's maternal grandparents were quiet, God-fearing farmers. His mother married the bold smuggler against the wish of her parents. Shortly after the husband was seized by the press-gang, fought in Lord Howe's action on the glorious 1st of June, was engaged in the mutiny in 1797, condemned to death and afterwards pardoned.

Paul spent his early days at Cove, near to the coast which joins Haddington and Berwick. The reverend gentleman in spiritual charge of the district writes, 8th October, 1907, that the family is still known there, and Paul's book is in the village library; so we may believe the earlier part is authentic.

After various vicissitudes he arrived at manhood, and took service with a gentleman to attend him to Corunna. During Sir John Moore's campaign he was not a soldier.

He joined the commissariat when Sir Arthur Wellesley took command of the new army, and by that General was made quartermaster-sergeant of the Engineers for some special action. He fought through the Peninsular Campaign. He was reported dead at Busaeo, and his friends erected a tombstone to his memory in his native place; but he was only badly wounded, and a prisoner. After leaving the army he had very hard times, as he says himself: "When an old soldier leaves the service, he is generally shorn of every useful attribute for getting forward in the world. Thousands of men are utterly

lost when they are plunged into the ordinary business of the world; their former habits of obedience and slavish propensities are opposed to, and deter from, exertion, and they glide from the character of good soldiers into scoundrelly citizens." Nevertheless, Swanston played the man, and always kept a good heart and his trust in God. Writing his *Memoirs* seems to have been one way of earning a living; but he abruptly brought them to a conclusion when he was left £7,000 by a friend, and retired to his ease.

The question may well be asked why his account of the production of the ode was not known to the literary world. The work was published in penny numbers, in the style of *Dick Turpin*, *Starlight Nell*, and other penny dreadfuls, on poor paper, and with hideous woodcuts. The class of people who bought such a work would have no interest in literary puzzles; the cultured class would disdain it. Yet it must have made some impression, or whence the universal feeling that Charles Wolfe did not write the ode?

As regards the truth of Swanston's work, pains have been taken to test its very many instances. The minister of his birthplace attests the local truth of the reference to Scotland; comparison with works like Napier's, and dozens of reminiscences, show the truth of his statements about the war; where he differs from Napier, the War Office confirms Swanston's account. He makes one little slip: he

states the 15th Light Dragoons fought at Sahagun. This distinguished regiment was made the 15th, or King's Royal Light Dragoons, in 1769; but in 1806 their title was changed to the 15th The King's Hussars. In this his memory betrayed him; but his story rings true, and we believe him incapable of falsehood. Space forbids an extract in full of his account of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat. How many thousands of soldiers, camp followers and women were killed will never be known. The authorities were careful never to publish any figures, and gave orders to commanding officers to notify privately to the friends, and not to publish the lists of dead soldiers.

Sir George T. Napier, C.B., says: "A more glorious set of fellows never was seen; but we lacked experience. None of us, except some few generals and superior officers, had ever seen war on a large scale. The men, disappointed at not having given battle, and fatigued by the length and rapidity of the retreat, became totally disorganised, and, throwing off all discipline, detached themselves in large bodies, straggling, drinking and pillaging in the most shameful and infamous manner. I ordered one to return, but the fellow swore at me and snapped his rifle, which fortunately missed fire. I ought to have shot him on the spot, or delivered him up to be hanged, but I disliked to have a fellow creature put to death on my account. The men were less to blame than the officers, who were busy

looking after themselves, and grumbling at the commander, instead of maintaining discipline."

Even the general officers were asking Sir John Moore to petition for terms under which he might return to his transports unmolested, although the rear guard, often engaged, was never beaten or thrown into confusion, and we were victorious in every action. When Moore countermanded the orders to engage the enemy at Lugo, the soldiers who had panted to meet the foe, and were full of hope and confidence, suddenly appeared withered, and returned to their quarters sullen and sad. To lighten the baggage, £25,000 in silver dollars was emptied over a precipice, an officer standing ready with cocked pistol to shoot any man that touched it. On New Year's Day at Villa Franca, one thousand men were left in the city, drunk, dead, wounded or raving mad. Sir John Moore, through kindness of heart, had allowed more women than usual to follow the troops. His army, which numbered at one time twenty-eight thousand effective men, had dwindled to fifteen thousand when he arrived at Corunna (three thousand Germans had been shipped from Vigo). Lord Londonderry writes: "The horrors of the retreat have been described in terms calculated to freeze the blood. I have no hesitation in saying that the most harrowing account falls short of the truth. Many women were confined amidst showers of sleet and snow. At one time a woman who had twins was

found, she dead and the babes rolling in the snow. Then the moral degradation into which the women had fallen; their oaths and curses, uttered under the influence of intoxication, were hardly less appalling than the groans which burst from them as they lay down to die." The only bright spot in this gloomy picture is that although the British army was intemperate and mischievous they were never cruel, and did not commit such enormities as other armies are reproached with.

Perhaps Joseph Wolfe is the first immortal to be flogged. Civilians must understand that "military crimes" do not expose the pnnished soldier to opprobrium. One who rose to be a general officer had a flogging as a private, and the writer knew an officer who had risen from the ranks who was branded B.C. (bad character). The Orientals say the stick came from heaven. According to the Rabbinical account, when Eve took of the tree and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her and he did eat, it meant that Eve took a stout branch of the tree, and, she being the stronger, she beat Adam and made him eat.

There was probably no flogging in the English army before the Guelphs ascended the British throne. In the time of James II. soldiers could be punished only by the magistrates. In George I.'s time we hear of guardsmen being flogged almost to death for wearing oak-apples. The best account of the pain suffered by the flogee is that of Somerville,

in his *Biography of a Working Man.* Sir Charles Napier says that at Dinapore a soldier was sentenced to receive 1,900 lashes, and actually got 1,150; and in England one of the Liverpool Local Militia was sentenced to receive 2,000 lashes for complaining of the bread served out, and endured 1,825.

Readers will notice the sagacity used by the British in Spain (copied from the Spanish style) of flogging a man so that he could still carry his knapsack. This lower way is called the Deorsum Discipline, and still survives at Eton, where, to succeed, a lad must have an iron head, a lead seat, and a well-filled purse.

In 1867 flogging in time of peace was abolished in the English army, and in its place punished its soldiers for contemptible offences by sending them to herd with thieves and vagabonds. Our soldiers' punishments are light compared to the French army, where the punishment for desertion is three years with the bullet. The prisoner has to work ten hours in summer and eight in winter, dragging an eight-pound ball, and when not working he is chained to his cell. Ten years for a second desertion; if he complains, a double bullet. One year in irons for threatening a superior without striking him; death, or five years in irons, for actually striking him. During the American Civil War the most outrageous punishments were inflicted. Soldiers who had been enlisted for one year only desired to leave, whereupon

General Grant gave orders that whoever refused to do duty on the ground that his service had expired was to be instantly shot, without any form of trial whatever. For being absent without leave, a man had to carry a log weighing forty pounds, and for being drunk he was bucked and jagged.

Flogging in time of peace was abolished in the English army, because men refused to be liable even to the remote chance of suffering this degrading punishment; but if we institute conscription it will be most certainly revived.

Here follow the extracts from Swanston's *Memoirs*, which state all we know of Joseph Wolfe. May this little work establish his claim to be numbered amongst the English poets, and enable him to take his place beside that other distinguished private soldier, Rare Ben Johnson.

We are first introduced to Joseph Wolfe, called by his comrades the Philosopher, at Astorga. This extract will give the reader a good idea of Paul Swanston's way of telling his story.

EXTRACTS FROM SWANSTON'S "MEMOIRS."

SIMPLE JOHN.

The 25th of November, 1808, was a wintry day, and wet. The men paraded for guard in the corridors of the old convent, so that, by shunning the rain, they might appear spotless at the adjutant's inspection. One by one they came out of the rooms

into the gallery, their belts, brasses, and pouches, whitened, brightened, and polished, and for five or ten minutes waited idly for the "fall-in." Some whistled gaily, tossed their muskets up with one hand, and caught them with the other; wondered if they would be for the main guard to-day, or the general's, or the commissary's, or if they would have the good luck to be picked out for orderlies.

"That depends on whether you are cleaner than your neighbours or not," replied one, who was frequently picked out for colonel's orderly, and who thus paid himself a compliment.

"No, indeed, it does not depend on cleanliness," said another; "it depends on whether you are a favourite or not."

"Aye, that it does; there is nothing but favouritism in this regiment," observed a third person.

"That 's a foolish way of talking," said a fourth, who had a little philosophy in him, and who was known in his regiment, ultimately through the whole division, by the appellation of the Philosopher. "Why accuse *this* regiment? You are just like those who accuse '*these bad times*,' who say nothing goes on well '*now-a-days*;' while, perhaps, the only thing wrong is the temper of the person who is speaking. This regiment is just like all other regiments."

"Fiddle-de-dee with your philosophy," interrupted a fifth soldier; "here comes Simple John, we shall have some sport with him."

"And that 's very far wrong too," urged the Philosopher. "Because John looks stupid to you; because he is an ungainly man, and an awkward soldier, you torment him! Mind, he is a thinking

being; and, perhaps, when bearing your persecution in silence, seeming to you to lack the spirit of retaliation, he is inwardly suffering a bitterness of soul, which, to impose on him, is the deepest of cruelties. Though John is unhandsome in his lambs, unpleasing in his manners, and rather awkward, it is not improbable that the feelings are as acute, and the sense of wrong as keen in him as in any of you; even more so, considering that his mind broods only on its own cheerlessness—unenlivened as yours is by the mirth that makes him miserable."

"You 're rather an awkward man yourself, Philosopher, you sometimes kick my heels when I 'm next you: in fact, you and John are about a pair in that respect," retorted one of those who held the Philosopher in thorough contempt.

The Philosopher made no reply to that, but continued to interfere for John, who was the centre of a group, and the subject of various observations, such as—

"What! John, are you for guard to-day again? You only come off yesterday, did you not?"

"John, is this an extra guard you 've got?"

"John, you should clean yourself better, and you would not get so many extra guards."

"John, what makes you so dull on it? Why don't you cheer up?"

"John, what have you done with your tommy?"

"He has ate it to be sure; do you think John has so little sense as to leave a piece of bread behind him in the barracks? If he did, he would never see it again."

"It 's a downright shame to illuse John in that manner. If the poor creature leaves a morsel of

his food it is stolen from him: if he doesn't eat his rations the moment he gets them, they 'll be taken away in devilment, and often kept in earnest. If he lies down to sleep, trains of powder are made to his nose and set fire to; his feet are tied together; his brushes, comb, button-stick, and almost everything are stolen from him, and he is punished for losing them. If he does try to clean his lock (and he is a very bad hand at it, poor fellow), some of them will rust it again with a wet sponge. Besides, the creature is broken-hearted with extra drills. It was a most unfortunate thing to bring him out to this country."

While those remarks were being made, John stood silent in the midst, leaning on his musket. To the mocking question of "Would you like a piece of your mother's bacon, John?" he looked sadder than usual, and struggled to withhold a tear. The Philosopher asked him if he was hungry; if they had stolen his rations; for if so, he (the Philosopher) would spare him some when the guard had mounted. John replied, "No, I 've no hunger; I 'll never be hungry again; but if my mother's bacon were here, you would get all plenty of it, and be all welcome, even the worst of ye; and that is what vexes me, to think we have so much at home, that you would get all enough of, without needing to take my mouthful from me."

"Poor fellow!" said one of the listeners.

"Cheer up your heart, John; you 'll get over it all, my boy," said another.

"I 'll get over it sooner than you think," replied John.

"Sound the guard-call, bugler—quick about it!" was the command of the sergeant-major, who now

came tramping along the gallery in consequential authority to mount the guard.

The call was sounded; the men fell in, dressed, from the right; came up a little in the centre; back a little on the left; got the words "steady;" "eyes front;" "fix bayonets;" "shoulder arms;" "rear rank take open order;" and "march;" which last word meant that the rear-rank would step back one pace to make room for the inspection.

The next proceeding was "open;—ah, what are you about there? wait till you hear the word *pans* before you open. As you *were!* you stupid, John—John what 's your name—*you* are always too quick or too slow. Bring up your hands at the word *open*, and throw the pan up at the word *pans;* and do it altogether, or I shall try what pack-drill will do for some of you. "Open pans! slope arms!"

"Now I 've come this length, and have not had to find fault wlth anyone but you—*you*, you stupid obstinate dirty scoundrel! What do you mean, Sir? What *do* you mean by turning out with that rust in your pan?"

"I only came off guard yesterday; and I have been at pack-drill ever since."

"Silence, Sir, don't answer me! Why is the rust on your lock? Why are your buttons not cleaned? Why is your pouch not polished? Keep you heels close, sir; and hold up your head! Don't look at your lock now—you should have looked at it before you came here."

To all this, and much more, John said not a word, save the attempt to explain, that he had been so constantly at punishment-drill, that he had no time; but such an excuse as that is never admitted.

When the order, "examine arms," was given, which is to draw the ramrod, give it a ring into the barrel, catch it as it springs out, and lay it across the muzzle, that it may show whether any rust is inside; the ramrod of Simple John was heard to give a stifled sound.

"Spring your ramrod again, Sir!" said the sergeant-major. It was done. "Why, your musket is loaded! How is that? Give it to me."

It was loaded sure enough; and when the charge was drawn it was found to be well loaded with two bullets. On closer examination it was seen also that the pan had recently had priming in it. The sergeant-major ordered another man to be furnished by the company that John belonged to, and the latter was sent in to sponge his musket, afterwards to go to punishment-drill. Another man would have got the guard-house; but John escaped that, by the supposition that someone had done it in mischief.

He got his pieces of rags to work, and with tedious awkwardness made an effort to shine. Whether anyone took particular notice of him is uncertain. Several alleged afterwards that he did not sponge his barrel at all; but that, instead, he put another cartridge into it. Subsequent events would prove that this allegation was true, though it is probable that no one saw him, else they would have hindered or reported the circumstance.

During the afternoon, while John groaned and almost sunk under the load of accoutrements and knapsack, for though his kit of necessaries had been lessened by the light fingers of some of his comrades, no light knapsack was allowed at punishment-drill,

if there was nothing else, it was packed with stones—when he had trotted at double quick for hours together under this infliction, and when the other defaulters were allowed to go into barracks, the sergeant-major called him from among them, and ordered him to be kept an hour longer.

"Orderly," said the sergeant-major, "send Corporal Smith here to drill this fellow, be quick about it, now."

"Move on, you blockhead!" addressing Simple John. "Up your head, straighten those knees, double; faster, faster, Sir; halt! If you would devote one-tenth of the labour to cleaning yourself and accoutrements, that you are obliged to perform at punishment-drill, you would never be here; but you won't, you are so obstinate. Now, though I should drill the very life out of you, I 'll overcome that sulkiness; so you had better make up your mind to pay *some* attention to your instructions. Were I to report you to the commanding officer you would be flogged—flogged, Sir—flogged; but I hate flogging, and so does the adjutant, else you and many more would be reported when you are not."

"Flog me, sergeant-major, if you please, it would be mercy to this; it would soon be over, and I would know what it was for; but this suffering has no end, and I do not know what it is for. Let me sit down, Sir, if you please, I *am not* able to stand."

"Sit down, indeed! Sit down at punishment-drill! *that* would be punishment! No, Sir, you shall not sit down, nor halt even. I shall make Corporal Smith double you in that ploughed field for an hour without a moment's halt."

Corporal Smith not yet having come, the sergeant-major kept John on the move himself, muttering now and then to the effect, that " The colonel looks to me for all the men being perfect in exercise and cleanliness, and they *shall* be made perfect. I 've resolved on it; I don't like to see them flogged, but they shall have punishments that will vex them more."

And then he vociferated from time to time, " Double, you lazy rascal! Why do you halt? No shifting of your musket from one shoulder to the other; keep your right hand down; no hitching up of your knapsack that way; keep your elbows close to your side; your musket at the carry; upright, sir; not sloped that way."

" Sergeant-major, for the love of God let me sit down—my back is breaking—I 'll sink."

" Silence, Sir; not a word; move on—quick—quicker!"

In such a style as this was Simple John trotted about in a ploughed field, with the sixty rounds of ammunition dangling at his hip, for he had his full complement in his pouch; it was a spare round which was then in his musket; and the weighty knapsack, stone-stuffed, tearing his shoulders from their sockets; his knee-joints bending—poor fellow, they were not very nicely formed by nature, and their deformity was added to now by outrageous punishment; his neck was breaking in straightened stiffness, his arms and fingers cramped, and his head pained, his poor simple brains racked even to despair, and that by a punishment which is the commonest of all in the army, and has nothing said about it out of the army.

I, Paul Swanston, author of my own memoirs,

witness of the death of Simple John, and recorder of his fate, have been flogged, and *well* flogged; I have also been drilled for punishment; and though I was never the broken-spirited man that Simple John was; never saw hope, the sun of my life, sink into dismal night as his sunk; though I was never the jest of the mirthful, nor the object of anyone's mischief; though I was myself one of the strongest-hearted in adversity, and was never punished, but when I could have avoided the cause of punishment, I declare that I would again choose to be flogged, dreadful though a flogging is, rather than be drilled at pack-drill for weeks together as I have been, as I have seen others, and have been obliged to drill others; and so, I am convinced, would the majority of old soldiers declare who have experienced both punishments.

Panting in pain and exhaustion, Simple John doubled along a course of two hundred yards; right turned, left turned, right-about-turned, left-about-turned, and dragged his feet, that sunk into the soft ground, after him, until the sergeant-major, himself tired, and Corporal Smith not having yet come, ordered him to halt and go through the manual exercise. The exercise so called is that of the musket; and John was made to perform the various motions, receiving at the same time sundry sharp admonitions with a cane on the ankles and the elbows. He went over and over the motions from the "shoulder" to the "lodge"; and the sergeant-major wondered why Corporal Smith was not coming. At last the corporal did come; but the sergeant-major was dead!

John had not loaded his musket on purpose to shoot him; his object in having it loaded then, as

before, was to shoot himself. But on bringing it to the "port," which is to hold it across the breast, with the muzzle raised a little, with one hand before the lock and one behind, he was kept in that position a tedious length of time, while the end of the cane tapped his chin to set up his head; one side of the head to set it straight, the other side to set it straighter; the left elbow to keep it close to the left ribs, and the right elbow to keep it close to the right ribs; the thumb of the right hand to put it up, and the thumb of the left hand to keep it down; on one fore-finger to separate it from its neighbours, and on the other fore-finger to put it close to its neighbours; on the joints of one hand to keep them up a little, and on the joints of the other to keep them down a little; on the shoulders to throw them back, and on the chest to throw it forward; on the stomach to bring it in, and on the knees to put them out. The heels and toes were meddled with last. Propriety to them was more difficult than any of the other postures, and they received a sharp switch, as the engraving shows, the sergeant-major swearing he would yet vex him into obedience with hard drill, but, at the same time giving the word of command for the next motion, which was to bring the musket to the *charge*. It came to the charge, and the same moment John,—— commonly called Simple John, charged his bayonet through the body of the sergeant-major, firing of the bullet at the same time.

The first intimation I had of this crime was on the evening of that day on which John was tried by a general court-martial, and, as appeared afterwards, sentenced to be shot. My master had some friends at supper; I heard the conversation was about the

[illegible] It was the first that had [illegible] and all seemed [illegible] that reckless men [illegible] superiors more [illegible] such was the [illegible] among the raw [illegible] officered. [illegible] Simple John [illegible] his insanity had [illegible] an example [illegible] and he was made [illegible]

[illegible] I was smoking my pipe at the [illegible] commis- [illegible] asked if I was [illegible] and inquired [illegible] "if you [illegible] followed him, [illegible] was a still servant, [illegible] wine and other [illegible] something [illegible] death, and [illegible] inquired I. [illegible] know well, but [illegible] are now [illegible]

[illegible] Simple John. It was an [illegible] of a [illegible] round, [illegible] in the centre [illegible] save the [illegible] who lay [illegible] straw and now [illegible] a flame.

The victim of martial justice crouched in a corner, his feet and hands were bound together, and a loaded sentry stood before him. As the fire revived, his eyes receded; and when the flame brightened, they denied themselves its light entirely. But when it died down, he glared clearly, steadily and unnaturally through the darkness. He either would not enter into conversation, or did not understand what I said to him. Only one subject moved his tongue, and that may be as well unwritten. There is a cottage in a southern county of England, where the publication of what is yet a secret to its inmates—namely, his illtreatment, crime, and execution, would be productive of unnecessary pain. It may be—though it was not so a few years back—that those who accounted and mourned him among the slain of Corunna are now in the grave-ground of their parish village; if they are, they repose where he said he would like to be. He did not expect to be put to death; but he said, speaking of home, "If I were buried there, I would like to be dead now." He refused to take the wine which I offered, and I left it beside him.

An hour before daylight the reveille awoke the troops; and soon after the bugles sounded them to parade. An hour after, that I hastened to the field, where ten regiments were assembled to witness the catastrophe; but it was over. I only saw the fresh earth of a scanty grave.

The following extract shows some of the horrors of the retreat, and, incidentally, a curious episode in Joseph Wolfe's life:—

murder and the murderer. It was the first that had occurred from the time of landing, and all seemed to have a dread of the likelihood that reckless men would now hold the lives of their superiors more valueless than in England. Indeed, such was the common fear throughout the army among the raw gentlemen with whom we were then officered. And, I have no doubt, that the fate of Simple John would have been the same though his insanity had been admitted as a plea in his favour; an example was deemed indispensable, and he was made one.

About midnight I was smoking my pipe at the guard fire,—there is always a guard on the commissariat—when a soldier came in and asked if I was a staff servant. I answered that I was, and inquired his business. "I 'll tell you," said he, "if you come to the door." To the door I followed him, and there he told me, that as I was a staff servant, and, as he supposed, had plenty of wine and other things at my command, he had come to beg something from me for the man under sentence of death, and who is to be shot to-morrow morning.

"How do you know he is to be shot?" inquired I.

"Hush, don't speak so loud! I know well, but you must not mention it; the pioneers are now digging his grave."

I visited the prison of Simple John. It was an apartment which comprised the whole interior of a gutted house, wide, high, and dismal—hung round, as it were, with blackness. The fire in the centre of the wide floor had exhausted its fuel, save the unwilling green wood; and the guard, who lay stretched around, now fed it with straw, and now disturbed the smouldering embers to force a flame.

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The retreat is commenced, and disasters dire and manifold are now to be recorded.

One day General Crauford, who was detached with three thousand men to Vigo, had occasion to pass his troops on the road. They had eaten nothing for two days; they had marched almost without a halt; the rain had poured on them, and the roads were flooded with icy pools, in which mud and melted snow immersed them to the knees. As the general and his staff were passing the different regiments to get in front, the cry of "Right incline" rose; which meant that the soldiers would keep to their right, and give room for the staff to pass. When General Crauford and the cry that preceded him reached the rifles, a man named Masterton said, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "It would be more fit that the general would give us something to eat, rather than make us wade in the ditches to let him pass!" "Ah!" exclaimed the general, "What is that I hear? Halt! halt the whole! Sound the halt to the whole line of march!"

The halt was sounded; and a drum-head court-martial instantly formed, by which Masterton was tried for mutiny. In a few moments he was pronounced guilty, and the punishment of two hundred lashes was ordered to be immediately inflicted. There was nothing at hand for tying him up to, in the usual way; but a man was ordered to place himself, so that the person to be punished could be placed on that man's back, with an arm over each shoulder. Two persons then stood in front, and pulled each an arm tightly down; and two more held each a foot. Thus was Masterton secured, until he got his two hundred, the wages of

his temerity. When it was over, the whole division were again put in motion; and the men could then comfort themselves with the assurance that if they dared to say anything about hunger they would get as much, and perhaps more. It may be no matter of wonder, then, that men in this state of desperation plunged into intoxication, when they could by any means, fair or foul, procure liquor.

Were I writing merely to elevate the character of those who commanded, I would say that the misconduct of the men was such that severe punishments were indispensable.

And were I writing merely that I might declaim against tyranny, and draw pictures of what the soldiers suffered from the severity of martial law, I would say that greater outrages on humanity were never perpetrated than on the soldiers serving under Sir John Moore.

For the officers, I would say, that to prevent their men from falling into the hands of the enemy, they were obliged to enforce the severest orders to keep any from lingering behind; and that, as thieving once begun soon spread into universal plunder; and, as soldiers intoxicated, not only destroyed themselves by falling into the hands of the enemy, but destroyed the army, by reducing its numbers, and disheartening those who remained to do their duty, the officers in command could not do otherwise than they did.

For the men, I would say, that they sunk on the wayside exhausted by fatigue and hunger; that they chose to perish in the open air, on the snow wreath, in the wet ditch, beneath the enemy's horse-hoofs, or by their own suicidal hands, rather

than drag their out-worn frost-bitten limbs after them, rather than seek to prolong a life that grew more miserable and more hopeless every step they took; but, that they were not even allowed their wretched choice without incurring the lash of martial law.

I had occasion to return to the rear of the army one day, in consequence of my master being appointed to the charge of the stores which the general was endeavouring to save. The scene on the line of march was awful. In every part of the way, for more than twenty miles, soldiers, soldiers' wives, and their children, were lying in despair dying on the road, and in the adjoining houses and fields. I met many who came straggling along, still anxious to keep before the pursuing foe; and among these an individual who has been spoken of in the story of Simple John as the philosopher. The philosopher was in that state of physical debility that he had begun to weigh within himself, whether it would not be better to wait on the French coming up, and take the chances of their mercy rather than maintain a struggle which was now desperate.

"I 'm glad I 've seen you, Wolfe (for that was his name), will you have a drop of brandy and a biscuit to help you on?" said I, when I met him.

"O yes, man, that 'll be glorious, I 'll live yet!" And when he had swallowed the brandy which I gave him, and smacked his lips, he repeated, "I 'll live yet!"

"No fear of you," I replied, "keep by me. I 'm to halt at this village until my master comes up; perhaps I 'll get you transferred to the baggage guard, if so you shall not want a mouthful when I can give you one."

"Thank ye!" he returned with much gladness, "I 'm all life already, all that can live of me; all that can come alive of me is now living and well; but, oh! Swanston, there is something about me that is dead—dead since I saw you—dead for ever—frozen—frozen!"

"What is that?" I inquired. "Have you got your feet frost-bitten?"

"No!" he replied, "not my feet, but my heart!"

"Your heart frost-bitten!" said I. "You must be speaking in parables."

"It is not frost-bitten, Swanston, but death-bitten; my heart is bitten by the cankering grief-worm of a sorrow that has no balm."

"Nonsense!" said I, "every sorrow has a balm, at least, every soldier's sorrow. See how soon I found a balm for your first sorrow—your fatigue and exhaustion. Sit down and we shall have a small drop more to drive away your sorrow."

But the philosopher would not sit down.

"And yet you complain of exhaustion," I observed, "why won't you sit down?"

He hesitated to tell me; but at last gave a very good reason: he had the provost's cat-o'-nine tails laid pretty smartly into him the previous day, and he could not bend his body now without suffering the most acute pain.

"And this is the canker-worm that wrankles in your heart? Never cast down your mind about that, my boy, you 'll soon get over it," said I, willing to ease his feelings of shame on this uneasy subject.

"It 's not the flogging," he replied, "that *is* something; but nothing in the scale, if weighed against my grief; you knew Sally Day?"

"Never heard of her," said I.

"Sally Day was,——" he paused.

"What?" I inquired.

"She is dead," was his answer.

"But what, or who was she?" I continued.

"Sally Day was a little girl when I was a little boy," so he began his brief narrative: "She lived in Isleworth when I lived in Twickenham. She was a sweet thing, at least to me, and she grew up as I grew. I thought a good deal about her, more than I should have done, for Sally was not my sweetheart; she married a miller. I cannot say that this circumstance had no effect on my subsequent course of life; perhaps if you knew the truth, you would see the cause of my enlisting. But I need not rake up *all* my frailties to you, Swanston; I did not get her, and I *did* vex myself. For a time I gave way to extravagance; during which I found my way into the army. What was my astonishment to find the miller and Sally Day in the regiment before me? Swanston, she never knew, and no mortal man knew, that I loved her. They called me philosopher, because I was always cheerful, and had a remark for every subject of conversation; but there is no philosophy in me, Swanston: it was the light of that woman on my mind that made me cheerful, and—may I say happy? yes, happy."

"You must be a philosopher," said I, "if you loved a woman, and was happy at seeing her another man's wife."

"I was happy," he continued, "in spite of her being married, not that she was married, for I saw her every day, and she made everyone pleasant that was around her."

"And when and where did she die? " I inquired.

"She died yesterday; she became the mother of a child the week before last; her husband was killed, or taken prisoner, two days ago; she did not know, but she lingered in the rear to look for him, and she was, like us all, overtaken by night and the snow-storm."

"And is the child dead also? " I further asked.

"Both lie dead where the mother sought shelter, and where I found them," he answered, "alongside the carcase of a dead horse; the place is near the village; you 'll see them if you go back."

We journeyed some distance from the main road, and found them as he described. I had some money; and could we have seen any of the inhabitants, I would have paid them to bury the mother and infant, but we saw no one save the straggling soldiers. However, as some of these gave me information of the direction in which my master with his stores was supposed to be coming, I did not despair of getting the bodies buried; for numerous implements were retained in the rear for the destruction of bridges, roads, and such like, and I intended to get some of these and do it myself when they came up.

I had barely formed this intention, when a party came riding across a kind of meadow to us from the main road. By this party I was questioned relative to where I got the mule on which I was riding, where I had exchanged my uniform for the plain clothes I wore, and what we were doing off the direct line of road; but before I could answer any of the questions, the deputy-provost-marshal's deputy's deputy ordered me to strip, to let him flog me.

"I 'm a civilian," said I, "I 'm no soldier, you have no business to interfere with me."

"Strip, sir!"

"I 'm a civilian."

"Strip!"

"I 'm a private servant."

"Strip!"

"I 'll report you to the general."

"Strip, without another word!"

"I 'm not a soldier."

"You thieving rascal! I 'll tell you whether you are a soldier or not! Strip this instant, without a moment's delay!"

As he said this, some more of the party came up to us, and amongst these the deputy-provost-marshal himself, an officer, who, in circumstances as we then were, close to a pursuing enemy, could inflict death itself. His deputy's deputy immediately told him that here was a fellow who had been plundering, who had stolen one of the commissariat's mules, who had thrown away his uniform, and put on the clothes which he now wore, and must have stolen, and who doubtless intended to desert to the French, for he had no sickness, nor any pretence for falling thus far to the rear.

"Flog him! and flog him well!" said the deputy provost.

"Pray, sir, hear me, I 'm a private servant," said I.

"Whose servant are you?"

"Mr. A——'s, the commissary's."

"Then you must have robbed your master to desert to the enemy. Mr. A—— is four days' march in front! And you were taking that soldier with you, too! Strip, sir! I 'll give you something

for your trouble, in coming this length to the rear to get it!"

"I've come back to meet my master."

"Strip!"

"My master is in the rear."

"*Strip*, I say!"

"You cannot flog me, I'm a civilian."

"Then you shouldn't be here.; forward, Corporal Hayes, unsling your carbine; you are loaded, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I'm loaded."

"Shoot this fellow! Shoot him dead! to the heart, at once! he's a spy, deserting to the enemy!"

The corporal unslung his carbine, looked at his priming, and, cocking his piece, approached me, and raised it.

"In the name of all that is good, are you going to murder me? I'm the commissary's servant!"

"Strip and take your punishment, then, or as true as this sword is in my hand I shall order you to be shot."

I found there was no alternative, so, unwilling as I was, I exposed my bare skin, and got six dozen as smartly laid in as ever fell to the lot of any one. It is probable that they would have halted at the third dozen; but I had then the boldness to say that they would suffer for this yet; that I would report them; which, on hearing, the deputy ordered me to get three dozen more. They also took my mule from me, and all my traps, my master's as well as my own, and ordered me to march on before. The taking of the mule was no punishment to me after what they had done, for I had been flogged on a part of the body that rendered sitting on a mule's or any other animal's back an

impossibility. This system of punishing has been adopted in most campaigns, that men may not be disabled on their back, so as to prevent them carrying their knapsack, or keep them from wearing their accoutrements.

We now hurried onwards at a pace which soon made the poor philosopher fall behind. Ere we had crossed the meadow and regained the road, the rear-guard had come up, and we had not been driven before it more than half an hour when shots from the French advance whistled about our ears. For a time the cavalry forming our rear-guard kept the advancing foe in check, and allowed those whose strength enabled them, to get forward. But many lay down and gave themselves up to despair and the enemy. Many we found struggling along, or sitting down, or lying stretched in gasping death; these we passed, and left to be remembered among the total losses. A soldier is but a unit; he exists only, and is lost only in the columns of addition and subtraction.

I had lost sight of poor Wolfe. It was a parting of that kind where no farewell could be spoken; for he still struggled to follow us, and I did not wish to say to him that he was about to fall into the hands of the French. But events quickly proved that he, and many more who fell behind with him, were prisoners; and not only they, but some who were miles before them, found the French had advanced on their flanks and cut them off. I was one of the unfortunate number, as some rough handling from two of Soult's dragoons, who searched me for weapons of offence, and my money at the same time, soon proved. However, I had not been too sweetly treated with my own countrymen in the

hurry of running from the French, so I deemed the misfortune a lesser one than at another time it might have seemed. I was taken back about half a mile with several more, and there we were permitted to sit down, which permission to all of us was very acceptable.

Night came on. The British rear-guard was pursued by the French advance, and several more prisoners were taken; among others, a gentleman towards whom I entertained very peculiar feelings, the deputy-provost-marshal. He and I got time and opportunity now to become acquainted, and I managed at last to convince him that he had no right to flog me. However, he was an excellent fellow when under domination himself, so we passed a very agreeable night, considering all circumstances. Scarcely anything occurred during the night worth mentioning, save that the philosopher was among the prisoners brought in. We were in a house about a mile behind a village, and about half a mile off the direct line of road. The village itself was occupied by the French piquets, while their outposts extended half a mile beyond it. At the dawn of day we heard shots fired; and as the sky became clearer the shots came thicker and nearer. At last we saw the village become a scene of conflict. The French were evidently falling back, and most of us considered that we were not in very safe circumstances, for some dark rumours were whispered among ourselves, that rather than restore us to our own troops the French would leave us dead. However, in justice to them, they manifested no purpose of so doing; but on seeing the British in possession of the village, they turned us all out of the house, and hurried us to the rear. Having reached a

brook, in which it was difficult to find a ford, we being marched off at a right angle from the main road, a detachment of the 10th Hussars came galloping down on the opposite side, and dashing through the flood, surrounded us. There was now sharp work. General Le Febvre and a detachment of the Imperial Guard, mighty fellows in stature, and terrific in beard, moustachios, and hairy caps, came up and used both fire and steel in their endeavour to overthrow our cavalry. Several of our prisoners seized the arms of men who fell, and turned them against the French. On which an order was given to put the whole of us to death, so I supposed from what immediately ensued. Some of us were fired on, some were bayonetted, and some knocked on the head with the butt-ends of the French carbines. A huge fellow knocked me down, and almost the same moment he was shot by an English dragoon, and fell above me. In his death struggle he seized me by the throat, and grasped so tightly that I should have soon died under his choking gripe, had I not got hold of his own sword and cut the sinews of his wrists with it. He loosed his hold, I started up and found the combatants nearly the same as when I fell. I saw the philosopher grappling with a wounded Frenchman, much in the same way that I had been, and I released him by giving the said Frenchman a smart thrust in the throat with the sword. The philosopher was instantly on his feet, and by the next moment had laid hold of a carbine, and joined with me in rescuing our deputy-provost-marshal. The deputy was a splendid swordsman, and was engaged, hand to hand, with General Le Febvre. What the philosopher and I did was to relieve him of a couple of extra

combatants, who had got round him in endeavouring to assist their general. While we were so engaged, and while it was a downright pell-mell, cut-throat, stab-away conflict on both sides, while Bonaparte was looking on, as was said, from a height about a mile distant, a re-inforcement of British dragoons came to the rescue, and the French were compelled to fall back. They left us gainers by the conflict, that is, those of us who had not lost our lives, nor been severely wounded; for we who had been prisoners not only gained our liberty, but we took General Le Febvre and sixty-five or sixty-six of the Imperial Guard prisoners. This encounter was fought near the little town or village called Castro Gonzales, near Benevente.

The commander-in-chief of the Spanish army (Romana) had promised to Sir John Moore to destroy the bridge of Mansilla, and then retire into the mountain fastnesses of the Asturias, whereby he could save his army, and unhurt himself, annoy the French by harassing their flanks, and thus draw some of the impetuosity of pursuit from the rear of the British. But Romana was either unable, or unwilling, or unmindful to perform this duty, and he took the same line of retreat as Sir John Moore. Hence it was that the difficulties in obtaining food and quarters were much increased.

Bonaparte had intended to intercept our retreat by reaching Astorga before us, but he was a day's march too late consequently he halted his own army, and ordered Soult to pursue with such a force as would be sufficient to drive the British into the sea. At Astorga I found my master, who had given me up for lost; and save myself, I had lost everything that was either his or my own. He

was, however, soon satisfied with my explanations, and as neither money nor luggage was of much value where such quantities had to be thrown away or destroyed every day, I had nothing to answer for on that score. I found him appointed to the charge of conducting some valuable stores, among which were two cart-loads of money amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

On the line of march, between Benevente and Astorga, the misconduct of the troops had become unmanageable. I speak of military misconduct. Hunger gnawed incessantly; and, nothing could convince starving men that it was improper to take food, even wherever it could be found, or by whatever means procured. The cold, frosty winds curdled their blood and withered their limbs, and they could not be persuaded that it was better to lie in the open air after marching all day until the hour of midnight, than to go into a village or town. They could not and would not admit that it was better to starve in the open fields, than eat and drink within the shelter of the inhabited houses. They therefore forced their way into houses, until these were literally gorged by numbers, and thus confusion of the most disastrous kind continually occurred. One regiment would be in possession of a house according to orders, and the officers of that regiment, with their non-commissioned officers, would be held responsible for any damage done to the families on whom they were quartered. But as the towns and villages were always too small to hold all the regiments, those that were excluded found their way into the quarters of others. Men who had lain down to sleep were trampled on; and these got up and fought with the intruders.

Then there were battles and often bloodshed, during the continuance of which the houses would be robbed, and the grossest crimes committed on the inhabitants. The stores that were formed at various places provided the material for plunder; and as much of these stores had to be abandoned, nothing could prevent the men, worn to desperation, from indulging in excesses.

At Astorga, Sir John issued a severe general order, to the effect that he would hold officers responsible for all outrages committed by men under their charge; and also promising the punishment of instant death to all men found either in the act of plundering or with plunder in their possession. One man, found in possession of a loaf which he had stolen, was tried before the assembled army and shot. While his body was exhibited before them, the troops were addressed to the effect that all drunkenness would be punished in the same way; but nothing was a punishment nor a terror where suffering was so dreadful and so common. That same day, the magazine of stores formed at Astorga was ordered to be destroyed. In this store was a large quantity of rum, which had been brought from Corunna with much trouble. It was poured out into the gutters, and it streamed along the streets, mingled with all manner of filth. In a minute of time, hundreds of men were on their knees amongst it, laving the filthy stuff into their mouths, or stemming pools with mud, from which they filled their caps and shoes, and drank until many of them tumbled never to rise again.

On New Year's Day, 1809, I reached Villa

Franca. The general and the rear of the army were about two days' march further back; and before they came up, Villa Franca presented a mass of riot, drunkenness, and ravage, that far exceeded all former outrages. The divisions that had preceded us had begun the work of mischief, and those who came up continued it. Houses, shops, and stores were broken open and pillaged. Females fell a prey to drunken violence. Provost guards battled with the lawless, and in many cases were worsted. Several men went raving mad, and shot themselves; others shot their officers and comrades; and when Sir John Moore came up, he ordered several to be executed in the streets. Next day upwards of one thousand men were left in the houses and streets of Villa Franca, drunk, dead, wounded, or raving mad, and utterly abandoned. "Some few," says a historian who was also an eye-witness, "were persuaded to move on; but the far greater number, in despite of threats and regardless of the approaching enemy, persisted in remaining, and were therefore left to their fate. The cavalry (rear guard), however, only quitted the town on the approach of the enemy, and then, from the sense of immediate danger, was the road filled with stragglers (armed and unarmed), mules, carts, women, and children, in the utmost confusion. The patrol of hussars, which had remained to protect them, was now closely pursued for several miles by five squadrons of French cavalry, who, as they galloped through the long line of stragglers, slashed them with their swords right and left, without mercy, while, overcome with liquor, they could neither make resistance nor get out of the way."

After the embarkation at Corunna, we are introduced to Joseph Wolfe again:—

The troops were embarked as shortly and as expeditiously after the battle as could be done; for the French evinced some intention of again molesting them. The boats crowded to the shore, and brought each its human cargo alongside the ships, where, notwithstanding the heavy surge, the scrambling up the ship's side, the falling back into the boat or the sea, to be bruised, or drenched, or drowned, the woe-begone faces of the whole were lighted up with joy. For a time, the lean and the lame in limb, the shadowy in substance, the hitherto hopeless in mind, and the dying even of that day, wore brightness and life, and were glad that their own country was their destination. But ere they reached England, the greater part would have chosen to be on the mountains of Spain, rather than in the over-crowded, filthy, upheaving, down-plunging, wreck-threatening, gale-tossed ships. For a few days the weather was moderate, and the sea life was endurable. I had managed during the day of the battle to get my friend, Mrs. Margaret Runciman, put on board the same vessel which my master and I were in; and when our full complement of stores and live cargo were taken on board, I for the first time got convenience to ask what had been, and listen to what were, her principal adventures. Having heard a narrative of five hours' length, and found it was still but a five-hundredth part of what was to come, I left the party who were listeners, and went to attend to my master's business on deck, intending to return.

It was a bright moonlight, and as we bore away

to sea, it was pleasing to a pensive mind to look over the ship's side and watch the bright sparkling of the water. My work being finished, I wrapped myself in a blanket, and took a station in the bows of the vessel, to look on the fiery fishes that played beneath the prow and at times to cast my eyes into the distant darkness and mark out the shores of our own country on the map of imagination. I observed another individual was close by me, who had his body wrapped as mine was, and, for aught I knew, his mind. From what I heard one or two of the sailors say, I found that he had stood on the same spot for some hours before I came. In ordinary cases I would have spoken to him, but I was then too thoughtful, too full of personal and family matters to seek any one's conversation.

"I say, old fellow, what do you see a-head? A man-of-war or a jackass, eh?" said a sailor, who thought to have a joke with the man of long standing.

"Ah! he's a lookin' for the statue at Charing-cross," returned a soldier, who thought he would make a friend of the sailor by making a fool of his comrade.

"I des-say you would all like to see the statue at Charing-cross," said the sailor, "I knows I would."

"Why don't you answer to your name, Wolfe? Corporal Wolfe, I say, why don't you come below when you are called?" vociferated a sergeant, who wanted the silent man for some purpose. Hearing which the silent man turned round, and moved towards the sergeant, I following, for the name of Wolfe and the appearance of the man excited my

curiosity. His business was soon done, and he turned towards me and revealed, somewhat to my surprise and much to my gratification, the person of the philosopher.

"How strange that we should meet here!" said he.

"It is strange," said I, "but not very wonderful, where so many strange things are occurring; how is it you? are here and how have you got yourself styled *Corporal Wolfe?*"

"I was made a corporal on the 13th," he replied, "made by Sir John Moore himself, at least, by his order. I was on piquet when he came round; oh! man, that was an awful day for him! I was vexed; for of all the woe-worn objects he was most out-worn! Poor fellow! If you only knew, Swanston, what I 've been thinking on——"

"But tell me why you were made a corporal," I interrupted.

"That was but a trifling business," he replied; "I was on piquet on the outpost, and some of the French came down and fired on us. Several of the sentries fired and retired to their piquets. I did not happen to think it time to run in, but just continued to stand on my post. Sir John saw me, he was at the piquet at the time, and he gave orders that I was to be made a corporal."

"And how do you happen to be here?" I further asked.

"I was one of those," he continued, "that helped to make his grave and bury him; and as the regiment was embarking at that time, we were too late for getting on board the same ship, or else some mistake was made in putting us into the wrong boat; at

any rate we have got on board this vessel while our regiment is on board some other."

"You 'll be better here," said I. "This is not so crowded as your own ship. I know quite well what one it is; that is what made me so anxious to know why you were here. Now, what is it you were thinking on—you mentioned something."

"Could you get me a pen and ink, and a sheet of paper?" he inquired.

"Not easily to-night, but I shall to-morrow. What were you thinking on?"

"I was trying to make some verses," he replied, "and I would like to ask your opinion on them, but should like them written down first; could you not get me the paper and a pencil *now*, for I 'm in the mood, and I would like to *keep* in it."

"Then you are a poet as well as a philosopher," said I, "what is the subject of the verses?"

"I 'm no philosopher," he replied, "that 's only a name—an ill-natured one, more than anything else, that I have got in the regiment. But to confess to *you*, I think sometimes that I can spin a verse or two not so far amiss."

"Well, let me hear it," said I, "let me hear how it begins."

"But you mustn't be too critical until you hear it all," he prefaced, "for it 's not very well arranged yet."

"No fear," said I, "you are able for anything, Wolfe."

But, when I said so, little did I expect that my ear was to be honoured by the first sound of those noble stanzas, that are now known to all the world where the English language is spoken; that are as immortal as the fame of their subject; those

stanzas that made Lord Byron—aye, *Byron*, say that he wished he had been the author of them.

"I 'm not satisfied altogether about the third line of the first stanza," said Wolfe, still hesitating to let the creation of his mind strike on, as he thought perhaps, the cold and dull ear of an unpoetical listener. "I would like to write them down first," he continued.

"Let us go to my berth, then," I replied, "I have something there in the keeping of Peg Runciman that will make us comfortable: I know a poet's brain is not averse to spiritual influences—come along."

So we went along; had a light trimmed; took a glass of rum; and at last he began to unfold.

"The subject," said he, "is the *Death of Sir John Moore;* but, since I 've been spinning the verses, I find it would be better to call them *The Burial of Sir John Moore.* However, I 'll let you hear the first and the second in the meantime, but don't you think you could get a pencil?"

"Let me hear the beginning," said I, "a great deal depends on a good first line."

"Not a drum was heard—that 's the beginning," he said.

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
> As his corpse to the grave we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the place where our hero was buried.

"The next verse I think would do better were it the last one of the whole, because it would make a

goodish ending; but I 'll let you hear it—it 's the only second one I have at present:—

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory!

"*Gory* and *glory* are not altogether admissible words for a rhyme; but I 've tried all the words that I can think of to rhyme with *glory*, and I cannot find another that answers the sense."

"The poetry of that stanza is too good," said I, "to allow of criticism on a word; but, perhaps, if I might dare to name a word to you, I would say *sorrow;* don't you think you could alter the line so as *sorrow* would come in, if you are not pleased with *gory?*"

"I have *sorrow* in use already," he said; "it does not rhyme with *glory*, if you pronounce it right; besides, it rhymes in another stanza, and I think that stanza is complete: I 'll let you hear it.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow."

"Excellent!" said I.

"But hear the next one," he said; "it 's a continuation of that sentence.

"We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!"

"Wolfe! give me your hand! you 're a poet! Have another glass."

"No, Swanston, not now—not now: I 'm obliged to you, but I wouldn't be the better of it;—a small drop does me good sometimes, but when I 'm on a study it sets me all in confusion."

"Well, just as you like, my boy; but say those stanzas again, the last two."

He repeated them; and Peg Runciman having heard the word *pillow*, caught very eagerly at what was to her the only intention of its being named.

"Oh, if my feather *pillows* were here, none of you would want a pillow: I 've a good stock of them Paul; for, though I said mysel' that should na say it, there was na a lass in a' the braid Merse that was mair thrifty in gathering a good providin' than I was; and that, Andrew Galroy kens. O man, if I were only hame again! that letter that you have gotten makes me proud. O my poor Andrew! What I 've suffered for his sake! and what he is suffering for mine!"

"Be comforted, Peggy," said I: "take a drop of this: it will make you sleep, and dream pleasantly."

"I really believe, Paul, you 'll turn a drinker," said Mrs. Runciman, throwing out a moral reflection, at the same time putting out her hand for the "wee drappie!"

She fell asleep. Wolfe resumed his study. I laid myself down to study, or dream, as might be most convenient. But the ship rolled heavily; Peg awoke, and grumbled that her head was in a *howe*, and her feet on a *height:* Wolfe blamed my rum for making him sick: and I at last declared that I was not as I should like to be.

One more extract concludes our labour. With this we take leave of the reader and unhappy Joseph Wolfe:—

The storm of our own quarrel soon abated; it was at least silent, if it was not dead. But the storm of the air rose fearfully; the waves lashed over the deck; and wind and water united their fury to dash our poor old ship to pieces; and she *was* an old wretched lugger. Away went yards, and creak went her timbers. Daylight came, and the sea, as if boiling on earthquakes, battled on all sides of us. The heart laboured in the suffocated breast; the body was tossed and sported with by the old crazy ship; the ship was tossed and played with by the waves, and the waves were wronght and broken in such pyramidal magnitude that the elements of nature seemed to be trying new experiments in the art of wrath. No fires were lit; no cooking, no eating, no desire to eat. Day after day we lay crawling and holding by each other; the sailors only being able to move about, and they exhausted by the absence of rest and food, and the oppression of unmanageable labour. Once or twice, so someone said, a sail was seen like a cork on a whirlpool; but all the fleet were either far from each other, or far from us. At last the horizon broke, and retreated behind some blue headlands. Joy was in the intelligence as it spread among those who knew not the danger of land in a storm; but it was no place of retreat, no place of refuge from the tempest.

In less than two hours, the alarm of "breakers a-head" brought all to the deck who could crawl or hold on, or who could find their way from below;

and these were only some of the cabin passengers and some of those who, like myself and immediate personal acquaintance, had managed to get into berths apart from the common crowd between decks. The ship had creaked during the whole passage; but now her timbers cracked, and gave evidence of speedy dissolution. She struck! she broke! Some leaped and some plunged! I sprang to the long-boat, which the sailors had just launched, but missed it. Gaining a fragment of the wreck, I disentangled myself of a cloak, and struck out to gain the boat; but I could not. While lifted on a watery pinnacle, I saw the wretched remnant of the ship go down, and with it those (and they were many) who clung to it. At the same time, the gig and another boat rode on the waves at some distance. I saw something like a woman in one of them, and when a mighty wave, which lifted that boat to an immense height, and apparently to a great distance from me, gave place to the hollow chasm that followed, the boat and I came in contact. Some good soul pulled me in, and there I found Peg Runciman. But we were not then landed. As we tossed up and athwart the tumbling hills of froth, I saw the long-boat capsize and all go down. We had some dexterous oarsmen on board the gig, among whom was the mate (the captain was, no one knew where), and these gallant fellows kept the boat alive—alive for a time; but all would not do. Splash came the sea over us, and away went the craft, throwing us all out to shift for ourselves. When I learnt to beat the wave at the Bents and Redheugh shore in my boyhood, often was I told by those economical of life that it would yet be the drowning of me; but did they know what that

early exercise served me at this time, they would know it was the saving of me; and did others, who have the care of youth truly value the art of swimming, it would become a part of national education. And to islanders, whose empire is on the sea, what could be so fitting as the power of subduing the misfortunes that arise from our common intercourse with this capricious element?

I reached the shore sadly buffeted; yet not so extremely exhausted but I could lend some assistance to the gallant Mr. Manning, the first mate, as he drove to land with Peg Runciman on his back. The people who crowded to the shore lent us every aid, and favoured us with the warmest kindness that humanity could dictate; and, reader, we were on that coast of which you have heard so much,—of which gentlemen who live and write at home, make such horrible tales for the circulating library and the theatre,—we were on the coast of Cornwall.

If those who write *Legends of Cornwall* in warm parlours of the metropolis; who only travel to the hills of Chalk-farm, or Norwood for the varieties of Nature, knew how they belie their fellow-men when they depict the Cornish people as savages, alluring the mariner to destruction that they may rob the wreck, such writers would have a black stroke on their conscience. We saw the Cornish fishermen very zealously look out for the stores that floated ashore; but their first care was, and I hesitate not to declare, always is, to save life and to be humane. As to picking up what comes ashore, and, when they can, appropriating it to themselves, they are matched by the inhabitants of any inland town. Let a basket-woman scatter her apples by accident

on the street, and the boys, not excepting those of the head grammar school and the parson's private pupils, will not hesitate to pick one up and run off with it. Lose your purse, and advertise it as you may, the chances are three to one that you never see it again, even though three-fourths of the population profess to be religious. I saw no difference, and by all inquiries subsequently made, I have learnt no difference in the inhabitants of the sea-coast of Cornwall from those of other sea-coasts, my native district among them. And in the latter, while the stoical morality did not prevail of allowing goods to perish rather than take hold of them and appropriate them, the same persons, who might be called plunderers of the wreck, were in the constant performance of deeds of heroism for the service of those whom the storms drifted to our coast.

But to return to my falling on the coast of Cornwall. Fifteen individuals came ashore alive, or were restored to life by the humane people into whose hands we fell. Among the latter was Wolfe, and of the former were three military officers and a sergeant of artillery. My master was never seen and never heard of. One of our horses came ashore alive: the remainder went down with the wreck. Altogether three hundred and forty persons perished, among whom were the colonel already mentioned, the captain of the ship, the officer that was put on board by the man-of-war, the transport agent, the steward, and several seamen; while three officers, two non-commissioned officers, Peg Runciman, two other females, and myself, were all who belonged to the army and did not perish.

It had been an early precaution of Mrs. Runciman to stitch her gold dubloons into her under-clothing,

and there, despite all accidents, they remained until now, when they were of great importance to her. Mr. Manning lost everything save the wet clothes he wore; but with much persuasion, Peg got him to accept of three dubloons, something more than ten pounds, as a reward for saving her life. Had he known that she possessed more than a hundred of those pieces, he might not have hesitated to accept what she offered; but, supposing that she offered too much for her ability, it was with reluctance he took it, even as a loan. Ten years afterwards, Peg Runciman being then Mrs. Andrew Galroy, and having children, the second, Manning Galroy, received a fortune. The friend from whom he took his Christian name died, namely, Mr. Henry Manning, formerly mate of the *Nightingale* transport, wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and afterwards captain of the *Ulverstone* merchantman, and left as a legacy to the said Manning Galroy the sum of seven hundred pounds sterling. So that again Peg's trip to Spain was not an unproductive one.

In two days after that of the wreck, we were all conveyed to Falmouth, and in three days more we embarked for Portsmouth; being required there, as it was said, to give evidence on a court of inquiry, relative to the wreck of the vessel; but whether such a court assembled I never heard; I had no questions put to me but by those who were personally interested in the fate of my master.

It was not until we were at Portsmouth that the poet was sufficiently recovered, and in possession of himself to return to his stanzas, the study of which was so unpropitiously interrupted on that night, when he first submitted part of them to my notice. He had suffered severely during the gale;

and he only made his escape from the ship into one of the small boats, by the chance of my having taken him from the multitude, between decks, into my berth in the steward's cabin. Most of the other servants who were with us, as well as the officers, their masters, got into the long-boat, and were drowned when she was upset.

The term of suffering and insensibility, however, did not blot out what was written in his memory, nor incapacitate him for taking up the unfinished verses at the lines where he had broken off.

"I am at a loss," he said to me one day, "to make the fifth and sixth verses read as I would like them; but I 've torn and twisted words and ideas until the subject has almost grown stale from my familiarity with it, so for the present, I shall let it stand as it is: you wanted a copy of it, and I 've made this one, which you may keep; but I shall first make some remarks on it, so that you may give your opinion."

I accepted the manuscript, and I make no apology for reprinting those now well-known stanzas; nor do I expect any apology is necessary, seeing that I was the first on whose ear their musical and pathetic sound fell. It will be seen by those who know the lines as they are now printed in school books, Sheridan Knowles's *Elocution*, for instance, that there is some slight alteration from the poet's original manuscript; but by whom the alteration has been made I cannot say. I do not question but the finished taste of Mr. Knowles may have caused the sixth stanza to be marked as an extract of speech with perfect propriety, but amongst the several markings of the author, and uncertainties which I

here subjoin, those turned commas were not mentioned. I print those words and lines in *italic* which have been altered since the verses were written on the sheet given to me.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(*From the Original M.S. of the Author, as given to his friend Swanston, in February,* 1809.)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the *ramparts* (1) we *hurried ;* (2)
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the *grave* (3) where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly ; at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the twinkling of the pale starlight, (4)
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him. (5)

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the *outpost signal* (6) gun
  That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly, we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame, fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
  But we left him—alone *with* his glory.

" (1) I have had this sometimes *ramparts*, and sometimes *grave;* and I find it must now be *ramparts*, as you will see by figure 3.

" (2) I have had this *carried*, and *hurried:* and *hurried*, and *carried;* which is best?

" (3) This was *place* when you heard it; because *grave* was there in the place of *ramparts*, and to have had it *grave* again was tautological. I think *grave* sounds much better than *place*, so I have made the first *ramparts* instead of *grave*.

" (4) This line is not good. I have tried it different ways. *By the struggling moonbeams' misty light*, is one of them; which do you think best?" (*This is most generally printed as the author has it in this note.*)

" (5) This verse and the next line cost me more labour than all the others, not in making them what they are; but in trying to make them something else; I am not pleased with them." (*This is Wolfe's last remark.*)

Relative to figure 6, Paul Swanston has to remark that the words are altered to *distant and random gun;* but by whom he is not aware. It is smoother and more poetical, but not so correct in sense when the words *suddenly firing* are looked to. However, it is not of much consequence. Probably Wolfe altered it himself. It will be seen also that what he originally intended to be the second stanza is now the last; and that some printers have put *in* instead of *with* in the last line.

It was either on the occasion of my getting the manuscript from Wolfe, or some other day that we

met during his stay at Portsmouth, that I obtained from him and some of his comrades a circumstantial detail of the manner in which the melancholy task of burying Sir John Moore was performed. In looking into my memorandums, letters, and well-filled memory, for the materials of this memoir of my own life, I find the following to be nearly the manner in which they gave their account. I shall give it as—

A SKETCH FROM RECOLLECTION.

SCENE.—*Mother Tupper's Taproom, Portsea.*

PERSONS.—*Corporal Wolfe, Davis Lloyd, Timothy Lockhart, Barney O'Leary, and Paul Swanston. Soldiers of various regiments, and broken-down Seamen, smoking, drinking, and singing. Tobacco pipes, tobacco, and quart pots on the table. A pot of beer newly drawn.*

TIME.—*Evening of a day in February,* 1809.

Corporal Wolfe.—Drink, Barney; the pot stands at you.

Barney.—Fait then, Carporal, it will not be after standing there long. Here 's to the good of all your life, joy (he drinks). Sure it must be cruel hard to make all them words maitre as you done;—drink to wet them out of your trote, carporal.

Corporal.—Here 's t'ye, Barney; glad to see you safe over the gale. Healths a piece, lads.

Barney.—Och! you 're the boy that can make the pothry maitre rightly. If Mick Donnolly of Cork had you with him he would make a man of you, so he would! Sure, he is the only man that makes all the songs in the country.

Lockhart.—Come, Barney, that won't do; we have argued you out of that point already. You know I told you of a great number of poets besides Mick Donnolly last night, that you never heard of: —*Burns*, for instance.

Barney.—Och! be done wid yez. Sure, what was Burns? And what was Homer and all them foreigners that you named but thaves that staled from ould Donnolly? They are all staling Donnolly's maitres, so they are.

Swanston.—Then I suppose you think the carporal stole his verses on the burial of Sir John Moore from Donnolly also.

Barney.—Sure, I know the carporal made it all out of his own mouth every word of it. No one made it but them that saw it; and no one saw it that could make it but the carporal.

Lloyd.—Were you there yourself Barney?

Barney.—Troth was I.

Corporal.—Why, I believe if Barney hadn't been there we wouldn't have got it done at all; that 's a fact.

Barney.—Fait, Carporal, it weren't Barney so much as the shovel in his hands, and the drop of brandy that went down his trote that did it.

Lockhart.—Then you had a shovel, had you? I understood by what I heard on board ship, and what I 've seen in the newspapers, besides what you say, corporal, in your verses, that there was nothing to make the grave with but your bayonets.

Corporal.—O! as to that you know, I 'm perhaps incorrect; but though Barney got a shovel, some of us dug with our bayonets as well. There were

nearly a dozen of us working at it besides the officers.

Swanston.—And how was it that Barney happened to save himself from the ill-fate of the party? All of them have been drowned in our wreck, I believe, but you and him; where was he?

Corporal.—He missed us coming through the streets of Corunna, some way. He bent his bayonet before he got the shovel to dig with, and was, I suppose, looking for another one among the dead men's accoutrements, when we got into a boat and was conveyed by mistake to the old *Nightingale.* Wasn't that the way we lost you Barney?

Barney.—Troth it is just the way, carporal. And mighty good luck I had of it at last that I wasn't drowned with you all.

Lockhart.—Were they all drowned but you two? Were there not some of the 42nd with you at the burial? I heard there was. Drink, Paul; take a good swig; we 'll have in some more; I haven't stood anything yet.

Corporal.—There were four or five highland-dressed soldiers there who did not come home in our vessel; but they were not employed as a working party. I do not know what they were doing there.

Lockhart.—Did they not assist you?

Barney.—The divel a toe nor finger they stirred.

Lockhart.—I 'm astonished to hear that; I expected to hear that they were at least helping you, if they were not the main hands employed.

Corporal.—No, Lockhart; I 'll tell you how it was. Some of the highlanders carried Sir John off

the field when he was wounded, and they remained at his quarters as a guard, until he died, and until our party came to take the body away to bury it. I think some of them helped us out of the house with it; but, excepting that, they did not do anything. In fact, they were not wanted; for *we* were taken there as a working party for the purpose.

Swanston.—How did it happen that you were ordered to that particular and very extraordinary duty, Wolfe? Did you volunteer, or was it your regular turn for fatigue?

Corporal.—I neither volunteered, nor was it my regular turn for fatigue. Our regiment was on reserve, and had furnished several guards that were mounted in different parts of Corunna. I was on one of those guards when an officer came,—an officer of the staff,—Major Colborne, I think it was, and requested the officer of the guard to send a party of men with picks and shovels to bury Sir John Moore. We had never heard that he was even wounded; and, of course, it startled us very much to hear that we were to go and make his grave. But our officer having particular duties to perform (the care of directing the embarkation) did not think it proper to let his guard go to make the grave unless he got other orders. Accordingly I was ordered to go to our commanding officer and tell him that the general was dead, and that he was to furnish a funeral party. I did so, but all the regiment was distributed on various duties at the time, and it was nearly two hours before I could find the adjutant to tell him that he was to make up a party for the funeral. By the time I found him, the

colonel had come with about two hundred men—I should think there were two hundred, for there were about the half of five different companies—and was making up a funeral procession. At this time Colonel Anderson, the general's confidential friend, and one or two more officers, met our colonel and desired him to get his regiment collected together as soon as possible, (that was the different town guards,) and get on board before morning, as all our brigade were to embark that night. And, they added, that about a dozen men would serve for what they wanted, as no funeral procession would be made, nor ceremony observed. Accordingly twelve men were told off as a fatigue party with Sergeant Creswell and myself as non-commissioned officers, and the remainder of the regiment was marched to somewhere else,—to the shore, I believe.

Swanston.—Well, how did you proceed?

Barney.—Arrah, jewel, that 's just what he 'll tell you if you let him alone; sure the carporal knows it all rightly.

Corporal.—In the first place, Creswell broke his leg, that you all know; so the duty of providing suitable implements devolved on me. I went into the house where Sir John died, and where the body still lay, and got a lantern and a wax candle to it, and an old hatchet—that was the only instrument we could get there. I then tried several other houses; but we could get no answer but *rumpy rumpy;* that was to go away. We told the inmates what we wanted, but they would not believe us; indeed, so many stragglers were going about, that they had good cause to be suspicious at a party

of a dozen men coming to their houses at midnight.

Lockhart.—Then it was at midnight that you buried him? I heard it said that you didn't bury him until seven in the morning.

Corporal.—It was seven and rather more before we finished; but we began to make the grave about midnight.

Swanston.—Well, about the making of it; how did you get on?

Barney.—Sure, boys, the carporal can tell ye all about it if you let him alone.

Corporal.—It was not only the getting of tools, but the getting of ground to make the grave in that puzzled us. To have thought of any of the burying grounds, you know would have been useless; the Spaniards would have taken up the body and cast it out as a contamination, had we succeeded even in getting it buried; but they took care to keep us from getting into their burial places. After looking about in different directions, we pitched on a spot on the ramparts of the citadel; it was Colonel Anderson, I believe that pointed it out. But here we were prevented by the Spanish garrison. For a time all persuasions and entreaties were vain; and it was not until the governor of the city had been applied to, and many vexing obstacles overcome, that we got leave to make a grave at all; that is, in that part; we could have made as many graves as we chose outside the city, in the fields. But when we had leave to begin, we found ourselves, as I have said so often, without tools. Some of the men began digging with their

bayonets, and throwing the earth out with their hands; but this was cold, tedious, and ineffectual. I returned to the staff quarters, and mentioned that we had nothing but our hands; and one of the aides-de-camp gave me two bottles of brandy to distribute among the men, begging that we would go on, even with our bayonets and our hands, as the brigade was embarking, and the whole would be on the beach before the general's body was buried.

When I returned I found the party freezing almost to death, for it was a dismal night, windy, cloudy, sleety, and dark. I gave each an allowance of the brandy; and it wrought mighty things. Barney there, and one or two more, started off in search of tools to a Spanish graveyard, where we had seen something resembling a shovel, while contemplating making the grave there. When they came to it the gateway was secured, and they could not get in save by going over the wall. Barney mounted and descended inside; but, when he had got hold of the shovel, he could not get out again, the wall being much higher within than without. Those who were with him could render no assistance towards his coming out as he went in; but, at last, they took their muskets and fired into the lock of the gate and bursted it. This gave rise to a dreadful alarm. Most people thought it was the French in the town, and the garrison got under arms. They in their consternation took us, the party at the grave, to be the enemy within the walls, so out they rushed to take us prisoners. We soon convinced them that we were English, but we could not convince them so easily that we were on the harmless work of making a grave. Some of them said, and many believed, that we were a hired band of traitors, trying

to blow up their fortifications; a belief very stupid on their part, yet one which is not unaccountable when people are in a fright. However, we got them all pacified, and Barney set to work in right style with the shovel; he 's an excellent hand at it.

Barney.—Och, carporal, it 's meself can work with the shovel; more power to you. Have a dthrope fore you begin again. Carporal, joy.

Corporal.—Not now, Barney; thank ye, I 've quite enough. So, with the bayonet and the shovel, and every one willing, we got down about two feet, not so far amiss. Thinking there would be no further obstacle, I left Barney and five more to go on with the grave, and went myself with the remaining six to bring out the body. We found it in the house, with several staff officers around it, who seemed to have deep sorrow on their minds. The blanket in which the general was carried from the field being soaked with blood, we turned it aside and took his cloak, on which we lifted the body. We then took each a corner, and carried the corpse to the door, where we deemed it more convenient to raise it shoulder-high. With much difficulty, in stumbling over stones, and slipping on ice, we got it alongside the grave, I think some time about four o'clock in the morning. But the ground had changed its character, and the diggers had made very little progress: it was not until seven o'clock that we laid the body in its scanty place, and covered it up, and then we hastened to a conclusion, in consequence of the firing which we heard on the outlines.

Barney.—Sure it was the want of a pick that took all the time adoing it.

Lockhart.—And did the highlanders not help you ?

Barney.—Nare a toe nor finger on their body helped us.

Corporal.—Why, as to them, they were a kind of guard or mourning party.

Barney.—Och, bad luck to them ; they minded only the ateing and the dthrinking. Sure they were afeared any of us came into the wake but themselves.

Corporal.—Hush ! What is that sounding ?

Barney.—Taptoo, by jakurs !

Lloyd.—So it is. We must start off, we have a long way to run in a quarter of an hour.

Lockhart.—Goodbye, Swanston : see you tomorrow I hope.

Swanston.—Goodbye, good night, God bless you all.

I have nothing more to say of Wolfe ; but I have said thus much of him and his poetry, because it is likely to be of more than ordinary interest to those who are curious about authors and their productions, especially those productions that have become celebrated. That we would have had some good poetry from this young man is unquestionable, had he survived ; for he told me of several finished and unfinished pieces which he intended to publish ; but he went with his regiment to an unhealthy climate, and died within a year of the time that this piece, his only published one, so far as I know, was written. This first found its way to the public through the newspapers.

I parted with Wolfe at Portsmouth, he having there joined his regiment and proceeded with it to an inland town, while I remained there to meet some persons who came to make inquiry of me about my master's affairs. The horse which came ashore alive, being his property, was claimed; but some quarrel, relative to manorial rights, and the demand of the lord of the manor for what was deemed exorbitant remuneration for the animal's keeping, caused a litigation, which ultimately ended by the horse dying, having first eaten more than his value. The consequence of this misunderstanding to me was that I was detained in England nearly six weeks, when, had I been at liberty, I would have started immediately for home.

THE END.

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